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The Milkmaid

1788

THE MILKMAID

a Parody on the *PLOUGH BOY*

The Music by W.^m Shield

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 1^s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip N^o 26 Cheapside and N^o 13 HayMarket
Music Sellers and musical Instrument makers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

Small Flute

A Flaxen headed Milkmaid, as

simple as may be, and next a pretty Dairy maid, I chanted o'er the Lea, But

now a faucy Chambermaid, I've got a better Place, I'll dress my head with ribbons fine, Set

off my handsome Face When Housekeeper pro-mo-ted, I'll snip a Butcher's





Bill, My Lady's Pockets emp - ty, my own, I mean to fill, And



lolling in my Chariot, A Lady great I'll be, a Lady great, a



Lady great, a Lady great I'll be, You'll for - get the little Milk - maid that



chanted o'er the Lea, You'll for - get the little Milkmaid that chanted o'er the



Lea.

2
 I'll try to get a Husband,
 No matter for the Pelf,
 So I can have a title
 Why then, I please myself;
 Her Ladyship I long to be,
 A Lord or Knight I crave,
 If he is rich in honors,
 No matter if a Knave.
 I hope to be a Peerefs,
 And see a birth day Ball,
 With Footmen drest so gaily,
 My Carriage for to call;
 When lolling in my Chariot
 A Lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little Milkmaid
 That chanted o'er the Lea.

3
 I'll fend my Lord to India,
 His Pockets for to fill,
 So he does get their treasure,
 The Nabobs he may kill;
 With Gold and Diamonds loaded,
 When he returns again,
 For Honors and for Riches
 I'll be foremost in the train.
 A Knight of Bath or Garter
 I'll purchase him, I vow,
 And then forget those merry days,
 When milking of my Cow;
 So lolling in my Chariot,
 A Lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little Milkmaid
 That chanted o'er the Lea.

For the Guitar or German Flute

A Flaxen headed
Milkmaid, as fimple as may be, and next a pretty Dairymaid, I chanted o'er the
Lea; But now, a faucy Chambermaid, I've got a better Place, I'll drefs my head with
Ribbons fine, Set off my handsome Face; When Housekeeper pro-moted, I'll snip a Butcher's
Bill, My Lady's Pockets empty, my own, I mean, to fill; And lolling in my
Chariot, A Lady great I'll be, a Lady great, a Lady great, a Lady great I'll
be, You'll forget the little Milk-maid that chanted o'er the Lea. You'll for-
get the little Milk-maid that chanted o'er the Lea.

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